

An *EPI T A P H* on
Don Quicksot;
alias 32 Char. Conquest who died at Bathe
in septemb. (By a Quaker.) an. 1693

DON *Quixot*, from a *Mushrome* grown
 A Man of *Might* and *High Renown*,
 Made *Banters* upon all he met,
 Until his *shamming* Sun was set.
 Many *Rencounters* *Quite*sot had,
 Some *jocular*, and some *stark mad*;
Whimsies enough did fill the pate,
 But his grand *Talent* was to prate;
 Wou'd jest, *invent*, and utter news,
 And *bawdily* his *Tongue* could use.
Windmills good store were in his head,
 And *Maggots*, some *alive*, some *dead*;
 One greater than the rest there was
 Declar'd Great *Don* a *silly Ass*,
 A *Windmil's* Fan, the Man he mist,
 He took for his *Antagonist*;
 Then couching, *pushing*, with his might,
 He thought to kill this *Errant Knight*;
 Yet tho he pusht with *might* and *main*,
 No *blood* was drawn, but *Maggot-brain*
 Made *Don* appear a *Fopp* again;
 Who, rather than to want a vaper,
 Resolv'd to *Bathe* to cut a caper,
 Till *bantring*, *jesting*, *sotting* death,
 Made bold at last to stop his breath;
 Laid *icy* hands on his *hot* Head,
 Left *Sot* and *Quick* among the *Dead*.

FINIS.

By *Tho. Quicksot* a *phisician* of *Bathe*

On Don Quicksilver. *as Will. Gold in*

A Certain Don, whom *Sol and Luce* *Gold m.D. a*
 Had made a *shift* to set in Tune, *Physician of*
 Plaid Rex so long, till for his *Fame*, *Baths.*
 Don Quicksilver became his name,
 Which *some* not taking for a Truth,
 Don Quacksilver would have forsooth,
 To speak out *plain*, not mince the matter, }
 Collogue and lye, *dissemble*, flatter, }
 But make a pass *directly* at her;
 Much for the Credit 'tis of *Madam*,
 And Honour of the Men of W— *Wadham*
 To range and beat about for Game,
 At last to set and net the same.
 Birds sometimes *spring* and will not sit,
 And then the *Politics* don't hit;
 Yet much it helps the Game to find,
 To bear up *nose* against the wind:
 But if the *Spaniel* chance to *Quest*,
 'Tis odds but *Birds* will leave their nest,
 And then the *Welken* round will ring,
 With softly *Quan!* soft! soft! *war wing!*
 To *City Hunt* a harsher Tone,
 Than to a *Boggtrotter* O Hone!
 'Tis *Quick* and *Quack* another cries,
 Nimble, good *Mettle*, never dies:
 Death then appears, takes *Quick* and *Quack*,
 And bears 'em both a pick a pack.
Charon takes *Silver* for his naule,
 And o're *Styx* quickly wafts *Quicks* Soul,
 Where presently arose a *Din*,
 How *Aethiops* might change his skin.
Præsto, a raree show, behold,
 The *Quicksilver* is turn'd to Gold.

F I N I S.

By Tho. Guizot a *Physician of Bath* 1694.